



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

A Paraphrase of the Song of Deborah.

—◆—
BY PROF. THOMAS H. RICH.
—◆—

That the strong in Israel laid bare their strength ;
That the people came to battle willingly ;
Praise ye the Lord !

Hear, O ye kings of earth ! ye princes, lend your ear !
I, of the Lord, I fain would sing ; would touch the harp,
In honor of the Lord, the God of Israel !

Lord, when Thou wentst our from Seir ;
When Thou didst march from Edom's field ;
Earth quaked ; yea, heaven dissolved ;
Yea, clouds dissolved in rain !
Mountains shook at presence of the Lord ;—
Sinai there, at presence of the Lord,
The God of Israel !

In days of Shamgar, Anath's son ;
In days of Jael, idle lay the ways ;
And such as follow trodden paths,
Went ways circuitous.
Idle lay the villages in Israel—idle,
Until I, Deborah, arose—arose,
And like a mother wrought for Israel.

He chose new gods ;
Then war was at his gates ;
Nor shield appeared, nor lance,
'Mong Israel's forty thousand men.

My heart goes out to the leaders of Israel ;
To the people that came to battle willingly ;
Praise ye the Lord !

Ye, who on white asses ride ;
Ye, who on rich carpets sit ;
And ye, who tread the way, in toil for bread ;
 Muse on the victory !
For voice of archers at the water troughs—
There be rehearsed the righteous acts the Lord hath done ;
His righteous acts done for his villages in Israel.
 Then from their refuges on high,
The people of the Lord came to their gates again,
 No foe to fear !

Awake, Deborah, awake !
Awake, awake, the triumph sing !
 Up, Barak, Abinoam's son,
And lead thy captives to captivity !

Then, a remnant of the nation's noblemen,
 Down to the battle came ;
The Lord among those heroes—joy to me—
 Came down to Jezreel !
From Ephraim—they rooted in Mount Amalek.
 Next thee Benjamin, joined with thy hosts.
From Machir, leaders with their trains came down ;
And out of Zebulon they onward march,
 With captain's staff.
And princes of Issachar with Deborah league ;
 And Issachar like Barak brave,
 Down to the vale his feet impel.

By streams of Reuben, were determinations great.
 Why tarrying still amid the fold ?
 Is bleat of flock so sweet to hear ?
At streams of Reuben, were deliberations great ;
 But none the battle sought !

Gilead beyond Jordan rests ;
And Dan—why sojourns he in ships ?
 Asher by the seashore abides,
And at his havens resteth quietly.

Zebulon is a people that accounts it nought to die !
 And Naphtali, of mountain home !

Kings came ; they fought.
 Then kings of Canaan fought ;
At Tanaach, by waters of Megiddo—
 Spoil of silver failed to take !
 The Heavens against them fought ;

The stars their courses left to fight with Sisera.
 Kishon's brook swept them away—
 Brook of ancient days—Kishon's brook.
 My soul contemns their strength !

Then hoofs of horses smote the ground ;
 For on and on their warriors dashed—
 A troubled multitude !

Curse ye Meroz, saith the Angel of the Lord ;
 Curse, curse ye her inhabitants,
 Coming not to help the Lord—
 To help the Lord amid the heroes of the land.

Jael, Kenite Heber's wife—
 Let her, beyond women blessed be !
 Beyond women, who in tents abide,
 Let her blessed be !
 Water he asked, she gave him milk ;
 In costly bowl she offered cream.
 But deep his sleep, within her tent,
 Her hand out to the nail she stretched,
 And her right hand to hammer used in toil ;
 And hammered Sisera ; she brake his head ;
 And crushed, and pierced his temples through.
 At her feet he sank, he fell, he lay ;
 At her feet he sank, he fell ;
 Where he sank, there he fell—a *worthless* thing.

Through the window there looks forth, and cries aloud—
 Through the lattice—the mother of Sisera :
 Why does his chariot delay to come !
 Why step his steeds so slow !

The wisest of her princesses reply—
 But her own word she still repeats unto herself—
 “ Surely they booty find and share ;
 A maiden, two maidens, for each man ;
 Booty of garments bright for Sisera ;
 Booty of garments bright, with needle wrought ;
 A garment bright, on both sides wrought—
 Booty for me to wear !

So perish *all* who hate Thee, Lord !
 But them who love Him—
 Let them like the sun go forth,
 In strength of victory !